That were his Lackies: I cried hum, and well, go to,
But markt him not a word; O, he is as tedious
As a tyred Horſe, a rayling Wife,
Worſe then a ſmokie Houſe. I had rather liue
With Cheeſe and Garlicke in a Windmill farre,
Then feed on cates, and haue him talke to me,
In any Summer-houſe in Chriſtendome.
Mor. In fayth he was a worthy Gentleman,
Exceeding well read and profited
In ſtrange concealements, valiant as a Lion,
And wondrous affable, and as bountifull
As Mines of *India*: ſhall I tell you, Cooſen,
He holdes your temper in a high reſpect,
And curbs himſelfe, euen of his naturall ſcope,
When you come croſſe his humour, fayth he does:
I warrant you, that man is not aliue.
Might ſo haue tempted him, as you haue done,
Without the taſte of danger and reproofe:
But doe not vſe it oft, let me intreat you.
Wor. In fayth, my Lord, you are too wilfull blame,
And ſince your comming hither, haue done enough
To put him quite beſides his patience:
You muſt needes learne, Lord, to amend this fault,
Though ſometimes it ſhew greatneſſe, courage, blood,
And thats the deareſt grace it renders you:
Yet often times it doth preſent harſh rage,
Defect of manners, want of gouernment,
Pride, hautineſſe, opinion, and diſdaine,
The leaſt of which, haunting a Nobleman,
Loſeth mens hearts, and leaues behind a ſtaine
Vpon the beautie of all parts beſides,
Beguiling them of commendation.
Hot. Well, I am ſchoold, Good-manners be your ſpeed,
Heere come your Wiues, and let vs take our leaue.

Enter Glendower, with the Ladyes.

Mor. This is the deadly ſpight that angers me,
My Wife can ſpeake no *Engliſh*, I no *Welſh*.
Glen. My Daughter weepes, ſheele not part with you,

Sheele

Sheele be a ſouldier too, ſheele to the warres.
Mor. Good father tell her, that ſhe, and my Aunt *Percy*,
Shall follow in your conduct ſpeedily.

Glendower ſpeakes to her in welſh, and ſhe anſweres him in the ſame.

Glen. She is deſperat heere,
A peeuiſh ſelfe-wild harlotry, one that no perſwaſion can
good vpon.

The Lady ſpeakes in Welſh.

Mor. I vnderſtand thy lookes, that prety welſh,
Which thou powreſt downe from theſe ſwelling heauens,
I am to perfect in, and but for ſhame
In ſuch a parley ſhould I anſwere thee.

The Lady againe in welſh.

Mor. I vnderſtand thy kiſſes, and thou mine,
And thats a feeling diſputation:
But I will neuer be a truant loue,
Till I haue learnd thy language, for thy tongue
Makes *welſh* as ſweets as ditties highly pend,
Sung by a faire Queene in a Summers bowre,
With rauiſhing diuiſion to her lute.
Glen. Nay, if thou melt, then will ſhe runne mad.

The Lady ſpeakes againe in welſh.

Mor. O, I am ignorance it ſelfe in this.
Glen. She bids you on the wanton ruſhes lay you downe
And reſt your gentle head vpon her lap,
And ſhe will ſing the ſong that pleaſeth you,
And on your eyelids crowne the God of ſleepe,
Charming your bloud with pleaſing heauineſſe
Making ſuch difference betwixt wake and ſleepe,
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The houre before the heauenly harneſt teeme
Begins his golden progreſſe in the Eaſt.
Mor. With all my heart Ile ſit and heare her ſing,
By that time will our booke I thinke be drawne.
Glen. Do ſo, and thoſe Muſitions that ſhall play to you,
Hang in the ayre a thouſand leagues from thence,
And ſtraight they ſhall be here, ſit and attend.